

Arrowhead

by Diana Huntress Pines

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Summary: Lavendyr Deer is employed at the Phantomhive estate as both a private librarian and bodyguard. Set during Book of Circus, no shippings.

1. Prologue

Arrowhead

Prologue

Lavendyr studied the man from under her hood, hands clasped and propping up her chin. Across from her, the man plonked a sleek black object onto the table that sat between them. It was a gun, a hand-held pistol.

The man himself was withered with age, deep blue eyes boring into hers. He might have been handsome once, but time and the harsh life of a lower-class man changed that. His clothes certainly said so.

"This here is a good piece," He said, his voice obviously slurred with drink. "Manufactured by the Goodwill company-" Lavendyr held up a hand.

"Now let me stop you there." She began. "Do you really expect me to believe that?"

"Whatever do you mean?" The man asked innocently. She picked up the gun and flipped it upside down with ease.

"Look at this." She tapped the underside of the grip. "If it was really made by the Goodwill company, it would have the mark of said company. Instead, it has the mark of the Sanctuary Society. So either you mixed up the meaning of the mark." She smiled slyly from the shadows of her hood. "Or it's a blatant fake." She saw the man sweat. It disgusted her, but it was part of the job. Finally he ginned

sheepishly.

"You have a good eye. This is-"

"Not what I need." Lavendyr finished for him. "I came here for _arrows_, not some illegitimate piece of shit bullet shooter."

"Oh, uh, sorry. Most come to me for these sorts of things, so I assumed-" She cut him off once again.

"You assumed nothing. So get me my arrows so I can get the hell out of this shit hole." She ordered. Muttering something about bossy bitches, he reached under the table and pulled out a package wrapped in red fabric.

"Woah woah woah. There were arrows under the table, and you didn't say shit about it!?" The man didn't answer. Instead he held out a hand, expecting payment.

"Fifty shillings." He demanded.

"Fifteen. And may I ask you a question?"

"Fourty-five. Yes, you may.'

"Twenty. What do you know of a man surnamed 'Woodley'?"

"Karl Woodley?" Lavendyr nodded.

"That's the one."

"He's the president of the Woodley Company, a diamond polishing business. Fourty shillings."

"Twenty-five. Anything else?" The man hesitated.

"...He's an arms trafficker." He said. "And thirty shillings."

"Deal."

Lavendyr surprised him by actually placing a bag of coins into his hand.

"What?" He asked. "You're not going to try to kill me and keep your money?" Lavendyr scoffed as she inspected the package of arrows. They seemed to be well-made, a small blessing. Arrows didn't necessarily need to be well-made.

"I'm not stupid, you know. Why would I do that, when you have twenty men on the upper levels, ready to attack if necessary, and that loaded gun right in front of you."

"It's not-"

"Don't lie to me." She smirked, and stood. "Now, I see no reason for conflict, don't you agree?" She patted at weapon that hung at her hip. "Crossbows are tricky things, but are effective when used right." Her smile fell.

"Now, I'd best be on my way, so is there anything else you want to say?" He didn't answer. "Right. Goodbye." She turned and waved carelessly over her shoulder.

Once outside, she breath a sigh of relief.

"Well, that was something." A voice came from the shadows. Lavendyr glanced at it.

"I can't see you when you're hiding in the shadows. Be polite and come out." She ordered.

The new man had a slander face, crow black hair and blood red eyes, and he wore a butler's uniform.

"Pacifist, are we?" He asked. She contemplated it for a moment.

"...You could say that." She met his cold gaze squarely. "And who might you be?" He raised a gloved hand to his chest.

"Forgive me, I am Sebastian Michaelis, Phantomhive Mansion's head butler."

"Oh? And what would a butler be doing all the way out here?" Lavendyr inspected a nail, but was really watching him from under her hood.

"You forget your manners. You ask me who I am, but you say nothing of who you are." She smirked, and lowered her hood.

She had wavy dirty blonde hair that reached half-way past her shoulders, and light-brown eyes famed by long eyelashes.

"Lavendyr Deer, at your service. Now, answer the question." She demanded. He smiled, almost a smirk.

"I would like to hire you, Miss Deer." He replied.

"Oh?" Lavendyr turned and waved a unconcerned hand over her shoulder. "I don't need charity; I'm perfectly fine on my own." She began to walk off.

"You would have access to clean clothesâ€¦".

"Got my own."

"Fresh foodâ€¦".

"I'm good, thanks."

"Boardingâ€¦".

"Already got a place."

"And games rooms, gardens and libraries." Lavendyr froze, and turned back around.

"You know, good books are hard to come by. And the hotel I'm staying at is rapidly draining my pocket. I accept."

"That was fast." She shrugged.

"What can I say? I love books." Sebastian did that smile again.

"Then you will be my Lord's private librarian-" She held up a hand.

"Hold up. You could have hired anyone for that job, and yet you came to me. On top of that, you appeared to just want to hire me, but had not prepared any specific job. Tell me, what are the real details for this occupation?"

--*-(^_^)-*-*-*

The carriage pulled to a stop outside the Phantomhive Manor. She observed it from the window.

"Well, it's good, but it's not as impressible as Starcross Manor." She remarked.

"Sorry?" Sebastian asked.

"It's nothing." She assured.

As Lavendyr stepped out, she saw what she believed to be the other servants waiting outside it. One, the maid, had short red hair, big round glasses and a slightly chubby face. The gardener had blonde hair, and wore a shabby cotter shirt, jacket and straw hat. The last, whom she learned later was the chef, also had blonde hair, and wore a standard chefs uniform, and had a cigarette in his mouth and goggles hanging loosely around his neck.

"Everyone, this is Lavendyr Deer, our new librarian." Sebastian introduced to the three.

"Hello! I'm Finny!" The gardener cried enthusiastically.

"I-I'm Mey-Rin, the maid."

"Baldroy, at your service." He held out a cigarette packet.

"Cigarette?" He asked, a bit uncertain. For all he knew, Lavendyr may despise smoking. She hesitated, before surprising them all.

"Please." She took one and lit it.

"Fantastic. We have another smoker." A sarcastic voice came from the stairs leading up to the manor. She looked up.

A young boy who looked to be about thirteen stood at the top. He had black-blue hair, and midnight blue eyes, one covered with an eyepatch.

"Who's that?" Lavendyr asked the other servants, slightly confused.

"That's the Lord Ciel Phantomhive." Mey-Rin replied.

"Hello, my Lord." Sebastian greeted, and turned to the others. "The rest of you, get to work."

"Yes, Sebastian!" Lavendyr stayed, knowing he didn't mean her.

"Sebastian. Who is this?"

"May I introduce Lavendyr Deer, our new librarian."

"We don't need a librarian. We have Tanaka."

"He's the house steward, not a librarian. And besides, it's just a cover." Sebastian said gently. He frowned.

"'Cover'? Whatever do you mean?" Ciel asked.

"Apparently I'm to protect you as your bodyguard." Lavendyr said for the butler. "Or at least, when you're out on business." Sebastian nodded his confirmation.

"What are you saying, Sebastian?"

"I'm saying that I will not always be by your side when you send me somewhere."

"Are you breaking our contract?" The Lord demanded.

"Contract?" Lavendyr murmured.

"No, not at all. But I would feel better if there was someone watching you back when you send me on some errand." Ciel thought about it for a minute.

"Very well. Lavendyr, as of this moment forth, you are to be my bodyguard and private librarian. Do you have any questions?"

"Yeah." She replied, breaking into a sly grin. "When do I start?"

2. Chapter 1

Arrowhead

Chapter 1

* * *

><p>In the morning

"Time to wake up, young master." Sebastian said, pulling open the curtains. Ciel sat up in his massive bed and yawned, stretching his arms. Sebastian poured tea and brought it over to him. The child sipped it.

"Ceylon, hmm?" He asked.

"Sharp as ever." The butler complimented. "I brought you Ringtons today." He handed the boy a newspaper and draped a blanket around his

shoulders.

-Short Time Skip-

"Today you have a dance lesson with Mrs. Mayerl in the morning." Sebastian said, pulling up the socks on Ciel's legs. "After lunch, you'll check over proposals from the Funtom Company's toy and confectionery divisions." He continued, pulling out a small leather strap designed to keep the sock up. "At six o'clock, you'll meet with Mr. Cedric Brandel of the Brandel Tea Company, and Mr. Lau of the trading company Kunlun." He then did up Ciel's tie into a floppy bow.

"Brandel Tea?" He inquired, standing up.

"They're planning a tea salon," Sebastian explained, putting the Lord's coat on for him. "And they'd like Funtom products to sell to children."

"We can't refuse an acquaintance of Lau's point-blank." He said, letting his butler tie up his eyepatch. "Give him every hospitality." He ordered, smirking slightly.

"Yes, my Lord."

-Incredibly Short Time Skip-

Lavendyr was waiting outside the door for them, leaning against the wall next to it. She glanced at them when the two came out.

"It's about time." She groaned. "My knees were getting sore from standing so long."

"Quit whining, Lavendyr." Ciel ordered, beginning to walk down the hall. "You're my bodyguard, are you not?" She didn't answer, instead following next to Sebastian on the other side of him. They turned a corner.

"I must say, I don't look forward to it." Ciel said at last.

"Look forward to what?" Lavendyr asked.

"Don't tell me you weren't eavesdropping." Ciel said. She held her hands up in defeat.

"Okay, ya caught me."

"Young master, it's rude to cancel meetings on the day-" His master cut him off.

"I'm talking about the dance lesson, not the meeting."

"Ah, then you wish to show Lady Elizabeth your special "Staggering Waltz." Sebastian teased. "At the Queen's ball next month?" Lavendyr barely held back a laugh.

"Don't be snide." He strode ahead of Ciel and held the door open for him.

"Then this morning's dance lesson will proceed as planned." The

butler concluded as his master entered the room and Lavendyr stationed herself just inside.

"Today's breakfast is a ham and grapefruit salad, poached salmon, a root vegetable soup, and croissants." Lavendyr's stomach grumbled at the mention of breakfast.

"Right, I'm out. Sebastian's here, so you don't need me." She announced, and left the room as Ciel cut into his salmon.

-Another Short Time Skip-

Below Ciel's dance lesson, Sebastian stood in front of the servants.

"Now, today's tasksâ€¦" He began. "Mey-Rin, collect and launder all the sheets."

"Right, yes!"

"Finny, tend to the plants in the greenhouse."

"Right!"

"Baldo, prepare some bread dough."

"Leave it to me!"

"Lavendyr, sort the master's library alphabetically."

"Simple."

"Tanaka, please act as usual." Tanaka did that sound he makes. (No clue how to do this.) "Also, we're expecting guests today." Bard perked up.

"Then I, the chef, will make my special dinner-" Sebastian stopped him by pointing a rolling pin at him.

"Therefore, you four please stay quietly out of sight." He handed the chef the pin. "And don't do anything uncalled for. And I do mean quietly." Lavendyr recoiled slightly. In the month she had been here, she had begun to find him scary at times. He clapped his hands. "All right, to your stations!"

"-Right, yes!"

"-Yes!"

"-Right!"

"-'Kay."

In the afternoon

Ciel rested his head on the desk.

"I want something sweet. A cake, or something." He said as Sebastian poured some tea.

"You shouldn't spoil your appetite before your dinner meeting." He advised, carrying over his tea.

"I want something sweet _now._" Ciel demanded. The butler set the tray on his desk.

"I've made you some hot chocolate. Please make do with this." He raised his head from the wood.

"Where's the cream?"

"I put caramel syrup and nuts on the side for you." Was the reply. Ciel huffed.

-Yet Another Short Time Skip-

"Now, let's start preparing to entertain."

First, dish selection. We'll use playful, colourful Herend dinnerware, which suits a meeting about children's goods. Next, polish the silverware until it gleams.

A scream came from another part of the house.

"Mey-Rin, what's the-" He opened to door to the washroom, only to be confronted by a mass of bubbles. A soapy figure popped it's head out of the swirling mess.

"Sebastian!" Mey-Rin cried.

"What's all this?" Sebastian inquired.

"I used thirty cups of detergent, just like the instructions said, and now the bubbles are out of control, yes!" The maid babbled, and held the box of detergent up for him to see. "I don't understand!"

"Look again closely." He replied calmly.

"Huh?" She did so, her glasses not quite focusing.

"It's three cups, not thirty."

"What!?" Sebastian sighed.

"Honestly, far-sightedness isn't sufficient to excuse what a fool, or rather, what a _scatterbrain _you are." He adjusted his gloves. "Stand back." He ordered, and began to clean up the mess.

Finally the sheets were up on the laundry lines.

"That should do it." Sebastian remarked. "You clean up the laundry room, please." He asked of Mey-Rin.

"R-Right, yes!" As she went to do so, he noticed something in the bubbles floating around.

"For goodness sake. It's always when I'm busyâ€¦|.."

-And Another Short, But Slightly Longer Time Skip-

Sebastian entered the room, holding holding a bouquet of white flowers.

_Next, I'll set the table. The flower arrangement will be a refined mix of snowdrops and Christmas roses, to evoke Winter. I'll fold the napkins in a rose-like shape. _

Yet another cry for help sounded, this time coming from outside. Or to be more precise, the greenhouse. Sebastian opened the door.

"Finny!" He yelled over the boy's crying. "Why on earth is it so hot?" The blonde walked up to him.

"I'm so sorry! It looked like the roses were about to bloom, so I tried to speed them up by lighting the stoveâ€¦."

"To carry a stove out here, you'd have to be brainless, or rather, _brawny_." He sighed. "It can't be helped." Quickly he took all the dead flowers out of the overheated greenhouse. Once done, he sighed again.

"What a shame. If not for this, we'd have the pleasant scent of rosesâ€¦." He turned to Finnian. "Finny, do the rest of the clean up." He ordered.

"R-Right!" Sebastian left him to it, muttering under his breath.

"For goodness sake, what a pain."

-Short Time Skip. There Certainly Are Lots Of These, Aren't There?-

Sebastian back in through the the door, this time carrying a small bird.

Most important of all is the main dish. I'll sautÃ© freshly caught pheasant with a rosemary and sage paste, and I'll pair it with a Grand Cru Champagneâ€¦!..

Behind him, Bard yelled his surprise. The butler stood and took in the wreckage.

"Baldo." He put the bottle on the table next to him as the dust cleared. "Might as well explain yourself."

"I thought, since guests were comin', I'd treat them to a new menu." He explained. Sebastian facepalmed.

"How many times must I tell you that cooking doesn't require actual firepower?" He asked. "You're a colossal fool, or rather, a fool!"

"You...didn't really rephrase that."

At that moment, Lavendyr came in through the door.

"Hey guys, what's up-" She paused when she saw the mess. "Oh. You know what, I just finished, so I'll help." She offered.

"Already? But the library's huge!" Bard exclaimed. She shrugged.

"I did most of it yesterday, so there wasn't a lot left." She explained. Sebastian examined the new hole in the wall where the window used to be.

"Again?" He murmured.

The butler handed Bard a stack of bricks.

"Use these to mend it. Until you're finishedâ€¦" He took his flamethrower. "I'm confiscating this."

-Another...Oh You Get The Point-

He walked back back in through the door, with a basket of leaves and the flamethrower on his back.

"For goodness sake." He muttered, stowing them away. "I'm getting nothing done." He was walking down one of the many halls of the mansion, and he checked his pocket watch. "The guests will be here any moment. I must hurry."

(Incise you don't realize, I'm basing this almost completely off the anime, so I apologize if nothing makes sense. Videos are so much easier to understand.)

At night

"Thank you for coming today."

The Earl stood at the top of the stairs in the entrance hall, the guests at the bottom with Sebastian and Lavendyr off to the side.

"I am Ciel Phantomhive, the current Earl." From the bottom of the stairs, Cedric spoke.

"And I am Cedric Brandel. Pleased to make your acquaintance." Ciel strode down the stairs, and the two shook hands. "I never imagined you were so young, my Lord."

"I told you, no need to get worked up; he's so small and cute!" Lau teased as his 'sister', Ran-Mau, latched onto his arm. Ciel huffed.

"I've had a dinner prepared for us. This way, please." He asked of them, and they graciously obeyed, Sebastian following not far behind. Lavendyr stationed herself just inside the door.

A few minutes later, Sebastian popped the cork to a wine bottle, and poured it down down wine glass pyramid.

"Oh, how lovely." Cedric remarked. Ciel smiled.

"I thought simply setting out aperitifs lacked flair." He replied. Just then, the door creaked open to reveal Mey-Rin rushing into the room.

"G-Good evening, yes! Here are some hors d'oeuvres!" Her hand were trembling. "I'm so nervous." She thought, and she tripped on a loose shoelace. Lavendyr stepped forward, hand extended, and caught her. The tray, however, had other plans. It fell straight into the glass pyramid.

Faster than any of them could see, Sebastian gathered up all of the falling glasses, and stacked them into two neat piles. Not a drop of wine was spilled. Finally he caught the wine bottle and the tray of food landed perfectly balanced on it. Lavendyr's jaw fell open, as did others.

"Right." She thought. "He ain't normal."

"...What just happened?" Cedric asked, stunned.

"Pardon me. This brand is a bit on the bubbly side, so we've given it a nice decanting." From over by the door, the librarian frowned.

"Is that really what happened?" She wanted to know.

"Please have a seat, and I'll bring it to you." They did so, Lau remarking upon it as he walked past.

"Good show! You'd leap to stardom in any acrobatics troupe." He complimented. Sebastian smiled.

"Me, a star? You jest. I am merely one hell of a butler." He said modestly, but now Lavendyr was beginning to doubt.

Seated at the dining table, Cedric spoke as dinner was served.

"My Lord, your home provides no end of surprises." He remarked. "The manor is so beautiful, I can hardly believe it was in ashes three years ago."

"This makes for dull dinner conversation. Let's get down to business." He ordered. Cedric looked surprised, but quickly accepted it.

"I'd like my new company to market to children for sustained profitability." He said. "And since all the children of Europe love Funtom, I'd like to work with you."

"Ah, yes. After all, children are better judges of both art and food than adults realize."

"Seeing you makes me even more convinced of it, my Lord." He replied. "It must be the secret to your company's success in that market."

"Oh? You're implying that I'm a child, and that's why my company succeeds?" Ciel inquired. Lavendyr smirked. She believed that a person's quick wits were their best attribute.

"What? N-No, not at all!" He protested. The Earl smirked.

"I'm joking." He assured, and Cedric relaxed considerably. He began to laugh.

"You're a wicked one, my Lord!"

-You Should Know By Now-

Cedric came out of the toilet, muttering under his breath.

"Damned brat, making a fool of his elders. Lau!" He caught up with the Japanese man. "Is that boy really the Queen's guard dog?" He asked.

"Of course. Would this face lie to you?"

"A ruthless hunter of all who oppose him, known as 'the Queen's guard dog,' 'the he order of England's underworld', and a 'villainous noble'! An impressive set of nicknames. We could move weapons so cheaply using trade routes developed for tea, but no port will let me unload them for fear of the Queen's guard dog!"

"Careful." Lau warned. "His bodyguard might hear you." He snorted.

"Please, if he really has one, why haven't we seen him? Unless you mean the butler." He paused. "Are you sure you're not all mindlessly accepting it? They say they don't even know what happens when you oppose the guard dog. I'd wager he's nothing, really."

"What exactly are you planning?" Lau asked, curious.

"I see it. I see it! As of tonight at eightâ€¦." He smiled slyly. "England's underworld will have a new order." He kept walking, leaving Lau behind.

"Well! I'll certainly look forward to that."

Cedric reached the dining room soon after, and Sebastian opened the door for him.

"Oh, what happened to Mr. Lau?" He asked as Lavendyr watched him curiously.

"He excused himself." He lied. "Something about business he had to attend to." Ciel sighed as the tea maker took his seat.

"As usual, he has no consideration." The butler nodded.

"What a shame." Then he made a suggestion. "We have a sweet to suggest for your tea salon." Cedric perked up.

"Ah, now I'm curious!" He glanced at the clock, and smirked.

"Here you are." Sebastian said, placing the dish on the table in front of him. "A _galette des rois_. It's conventional, but we've done it it up with a thick _crÃ"me de marron _to go with your flavored tea. According to tradition, one slice contains a doll called '_la fÃ"ve_', and whoever finds it receives this crown, along with God's blessing." He explained.

"Just the thing for children," Ciel remarked. "Who like games of chance like dice or drawing straws." Cedric lent forward.

"I see, a sweet with a game to it. Brats sure think up things no adult would." He smirked.

Shots fired. Lavendyr thought. _This battle's already won_. Instinct took over, and she silently moved from her place by the door to stand a respectable distance beside her master.

"What?" Ciel asked. Without warning the man stood.

"'Queen's guard dog' or not, you're just a brat trying to show off!" He yelled. "The two things I hate most are cocky brats and bets that don't make money!"

Lavendyr clicked her tongue reproachfully.

"Now, that's no way to speak to the master." She said, and he snorted.

"Please, you're just the little brat's harlot."

"Oi!" She cried, indignant. He growled as the click chimed eight.

"Drop dead, guard dog!" He cried, before ducking under the table.

Ciel stood, but a bullet whizzed through the air and hit him in the forehead. He collapsed onto the table, and Sebastian rushed towards him.

"_Young master!" He cried. The door to the room was flung open, and Cedric's men shot everything, Lavendyr and Sebastian falling with multiple wounds in their bodies. Everything was shattered and destroyed. _

Finally the gunsounds halted.

Under the table, Cedric laughed.

"I did it!" He cried. "I put down the guard dog!" He came out from underneath the table. "Now _I'm _the underworld's-" He saw the trio at the head of the table, completely unharmed.

"Did you drop something, Mr. Brandel?" Sebastian asked, holding a spot of tea. Cedric glanced around fugitively, and Ciel gave a short laugh.

"I do believe you're drunk." He said flatly. "Please, try some of this, and no more alcohol." He advised.

"Uh, y-yes, my Lord." He graciously obeyed. His fingers trembled as his fork cut into his dessert.

Why? Why is no-one shooting? What are my men outside doing!?!

He bit down, and his teeth hit something hard.

"Ah, congratulations! It seems you have la fÃ"ve." Sebastian said. He spat 'la fÃ"ve' onto his plate.

It was a bullet. Lavendyr raised her eyebrows.

"Your friends left this behind, so I'll return it to you." Cedric stood, still in shock. "They arrived quite a while before you did, so I've already given them a warm Phantomhive welcome."

_So _that's _what those explosions were_ Lavendyr thought. _I was wondering._

"Th-that impossibleâ€|" He whispered. "There were at least fifty of them! Y-Youâ€|.fought them a-a-alone!?" Sebastian smirked and Lavendyr raised her eyebrows again, impressed.

"Lau told me you were dealing guns on the black market." Ciel said, taking a sip from his tea.

"He sold me out!?"

"No. He was never on your side to begin with." He replied simply. "Her Majesty I'd distressed by the spread of gun-related crime among the underclasses." He took a sip, and scowled.

"Sebastian, make a new pot of tea!" He ordered. "These low-grade leaves smell foul."

"Certainly."

Cedric stayed in shock for a couple more moments, before pulling a gun out of his suit.

"Die!" He yelled, and shot three bullets.

Sebastian caught them with ease.

Right, that confirms it. Lavendyr thought to herself.

"This won't do." He said, his gaze darkening. "I just gave you back your belongings, and you've already lost more." He let the spent bullets clutter to the floor.

"Wh-What is this? How!?" Cedric asked, stammering.

"I simply can't be killed by such toys, I'm afraid.

"Lavendyr, please step outside the room. This is not something I wish for you to see." Ciel ordered.

"Thanks, but I'm fine. I'm no stranger to this sort of thing." She assured.

"That's not why I asked-" She cut him off.

"And that's not what I ment."

"Huh?"

"I figured it out. No need to hide it from me anymore." He watched her a moment more.

"Humph. Very well." He turned back to the scene. While they had their little discussion, Cedric had fired at Sebastian, but the butler advanced on him as he did so, eventually causing the gun to blow apart because the bullet couldn't escape the gun. The man fell onto the floor.

He crawled to the door as the three watched, but before he could open it, it opened itself, revealing Sebastian just outside the door.

"You've forgotten one more thing." He said, and placed the paper crown he had won on his head mockingly.

"M-Monster!" Cedric accused.

"Goodness! How very discerning for a human." Sebastian said in response as the man trembled.

Suddenly the lights went out, plunging the room into darkness.

"Yes. I'm simply one hell of a butler." He said as he shifted forms, eyes glowing red.

"St-Stay away!"

"Brandel." Ciel commanded, Lavendyr next to and behind him. He turned to look at him. "Why do you suppose no-one knows what punishment the Queen's guard dog inflicts?" He asked, and took his eyepatch off.

"It's because dead men tell no tales." As he said it, his other eye, the one that had been covered, glowed purple. Sebastian took off his left-hand glove to reveal a similar pattern on the back of his hand.

Cedric screamed as the shadows closed in on him.

-Because I'm Not Going Into Detail-

The lights flicked back on, Sebastian back to normal.

"So, care to explain how you discovered what Sebastian was?" Ciel asked finally. Lavendyr put a finger to her lips and smiled.

"Trade secret." The Earl frowned.

"Well, I suppose I should tell you how this came to be-" She held up a hand, stopping him as the door opened.

"Later." She ordered, and inclined her head towards the door. It was Lau and his 'sister' Ran-Mau.

"All finished, my Lord?" He asked as Sebastian handed Ciel a new cup of tea.

"And where were you?" He countered.

"Well, you see, someone gave me this." He held up a letter. The seal was blank. Sebastian went to retrieve it, and quickly handed it to Ciel.

"It'sâ€¦|.. Who gave this to you?" He demanded.

"Some lads in white." Came the reply. "They seem to have taken me for a servant."

He opened the letter, and pulled out three purple tickets. Lavendyr whistled.

"Wow. Those are tickets to the traveling circus coming to town." She informed. Lau nodded.

"Yes, the 'Noah's Ark Circus,' as I recall." He added.

"Well, what are we waiting for?" Ciel asked.

"Huh?"

"It's a circus, is it not?" He sighed. "I was sure at least _Lavendyr_ would be excited."

"Like hell I'm not!" She protested.

"Well then." He smirked. "Let's go."

End
file.